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IF—

It—as is generally reputed, George F. Baker, J. P. Morgan and William Rockefeller are three of the richest men in the world.
If—they have been the potent forces in wrecking the New Haven Railroad.

If—the troubles of that road are financial, and these gentlemen are anxious to restore confidence to the business world.
Why don't they come forward like men of quality, stand before the despoiled stockholders and say:

We are very rich men. We have been directors of your road for a long time. We have mismanaged your affairs. We have brought you to these straits.

But now we are repentant. We see a new light. We will go down into your pockets and repair the havoc we have made. We will restore this road to the state of prosperity in which we found it.

Otherwise, of what use are our millions?

What a message that would be to the people of this land who lack "confidence"!

For, if the truth be told, they do not lack confidence in the Government; they do not lack confidence in the country.

They lack confidence in MEN.

We thought it would come. The Government is the father of all the New Haven troubles. It is even now robbing the road by running the leased mail car full of parcels instead of mail clerks, as of yore. According to Mr. Elliott's latest oration, it looks as if the railroad star from the West was a yellow streak.

PUTTING AN EDGE ON IT.

THE EVENING WORLD'S victory in wresting the streets of New York from hotels and taxicab companies who conspired to usurp street privileges that belong to the public is now further clinched by the Levy Taxicab bill, which Gov. Glynn himself signed, and which has now passed both houses of the State Legislature.

Under the provisions of this bill, if private property owners or lessees contract for the use of streets or public highways they are guilty of misdemeanor and can be punished accordingly.

Magistrates in this city will, therefore, have additional help in enforcing the provisions of the new taxicab ordinance which apply to public stands.

The day when a taxicab company could brazenly buy stand privileges from hotels and apartment houses and monopolize the streets at the expense of its patrons' pockets is once and for all past.

The taxicab ordinance for which this newspaper made its successful fight is now in action all along the line. The State law puts an edge on it.

So it was a patriotic thief, and he thought to let Mons Iam enjoy a spell of "old home" bliss in Florence! Maybe he found his reward in her smile.

KEEPING UP WITH SANTA CLAUS.

SANTA CLAUS is making extra work for Uncle Sam's Patent Office this year. The old Saint's toy-inventing genius has put on a fresh spurt and the number of wonderful things that pour out of his workshops to be looked over and registered by the patent experts is prodigious.

The hardest part of all falls on a young woman whose name is Miss Alice Purinton, and who is the special confidante of Santa Claus and Uncle Sam all at the same time. The loads of delightful and astonishing new toys that pass through her hands before hardly anybody else sees them, as described in The Sunday World Magazine tomorrow, makes her job seem almost the nicest in the whole country just now.

Dolls that walk more gracefully, dolls that talk more than ever, tiny motor boats with real oil tanks, complete circuses, even moving stairways—these are some of Santa's latest wrinkles.

Noah's Ark live stock used to be stiff and wooden and had to be pushed around. Now the animals step spryly into the Ark, two by two, of their own accord.

Santa Claus used to think that he could get some of his favorite designs carried out best in Germany or Russia. But now he finds American workmen quick to catch and even improve his ideas. So he is keeping them and Miss Purinton working overtime to supply him with millions of new playthings for his Christmas round.

The Day's Good Stories

The Other Barrel.

"SPEAKING of the Wild West," smilingly remarked Congressman Thomas B. Dunn in the lobby of a Washington hotel, "there is one of a story about a hostler in the case both country."

"Some time ago," continued the Congressman, "a cowboy stayed overnight at the hotel."

"The hostler noticed that instead of staying a full or roundabout a week, the cowboy wanted to go to the front door and find a double-barreled shotgun. Later in the evening the cowboy commented on the strange procedure."

"What a novel idea of yours," he smilingly remarked to the hostler, "calling your guests by giving off a gun."

"Then," drawled the hostler, "but it generally takes 'em about a week to get 'em."

"Yes," admitted the hostler, "but pardon the question, why do you discharge only one barrel?"

"Well," he said, "I shoot 'em both," answered the hostler, "I have to keep 'em both to get 'em for the week as 'judging."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegram.

When the Tramp Fled.

SENATOR WILLIAM SAULSBURY of Delaware remarked the other night that forty women do not always work out, and told a story to back the assertion.

Two men were having a fraternal talk recently, and during the gabfest one of them told of his experience with a tramp.

"He came to my house," said the man, "knocked on the kitchen door, walked in and demanded something to eat. Right there I decided to give him the scare of his life. Doing into the next room I liberated the alarm clock in pretending to call up the police station and told the imaginary man at the other end of the line that I was going to start a quick-lunch restaurant."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegram.

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Letters From the People

What is "Success?"
The Editor of The Evening World:

A few men die worth many millions.

Thousands of others strive as hard and

earn nothing. Are we not placing too

high a premium on success? Why must

honor and reward while sincere unsuccess-

ful effort reaps nothing?

MONROE SUNSHINE.

Thursday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day of the week did April

Such Is Life!

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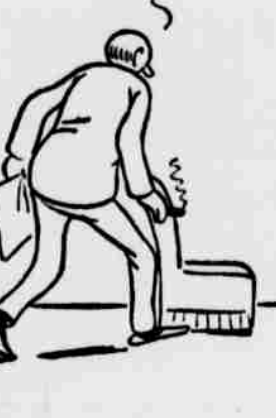
By Maurice Ketten

JOHN, I BOUGHT
THE MOST EXQUISITE
HANDKERCHIEFS FOR
YOUR MOTHER.AND THE PRETTIEST
SILK STOCKINGS
FOR YOUR SISTER.I BOUGHT A
BEAUTIFUL SILVER
FRAME FOR YOUR
COUSIN.AND A VERY GORGEOUS
PIECE OF POTTERY FOR
YOUR AUNT BELL.AND I BOUGHT AN
INEXPENSIVE LITTLE
TOY FOR THE
WASHERWOMAN'S BABY.

LET'S SEE IT.

IT HASN'T
COME YET,
JOHN.

O, PIFFLE!



The Jarr Family.



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Mr. Jarr Pursues a Gay Career

In the Highest Court Circles

being a poison-needle man," said Dr. Gumm bithely. "One must be up to date, you know."

Meanwhile the door of the pen was being opened and shut and protesting men of all ages and ranks in life were shoved and jammed into the cage until, just when it would appear the capacity of the dirty, unventilated place had been reached, the door of the pen opened and the prisoners were all allowed to file into the court room in a line, slouching and yawning as they clutched at the railing that separated them from the spectators.

Suddenly the police magistrate popped in with a red face and a scared expression from the streets. Behind him came two excited women shrieking, "Catch him! He's a poison-needle man!"

"Look the door, Grogan!" cried the Judge. "Lock the door! Get my gown, Timmy! Gee, what an experience!"

The two pursuers of the Police Judge were hustled out of court and the Attorney of the Desires of the Unfortunate wiped the perspiration from his face and in a husky whisper ordered the clerk to call the adjourned case.

"But everybody is being arrested for

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Great Masterpieces of Art.

17—THE HORSE FAIR, by Rosa Bonheur. (Marie-Rosa Bonheur, French, 1822-1899.)
At Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



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Randolph Colclough Wilson.

The title is a little puzzling and a better name would be, perhaps, "The Horse Market."

The huge canvas shows a spot in Paris, with the dome of the Invalides in the distance, and the big spirited Percheron horses being led into the market, and around to the right where the buyers and spectators are grouped under the trees.

A Philadelphia woman was awarded \$1 damages for the loss of her husband's affection. The joke seems to be on the other woman.—Toledo Blade.

A Cleveland minister proposes that 30 churches devote time to teaching young women how to pick fit husbands. Another suggestion on how to avoid bed sport.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is a man in Lorraine, O., who walks around in No. 17 shoes—no inconsiderable feat.—Chicago News.

It is Rosa Bonheur's greatest picture and is one of the masterpieces of animal painting. When it appeared in the Salon at Paris in 1855 the art world was astonished by its very transcendence. The largest animal painting ever executed, sixteen and a half feet by eight, crowded with a plunging mass of excited, stamping, perfectly drawn horses, dust flying, groans and stable-boys clucking at buyers—it is no wonder that the Parisians could hardly believe that a woman had painted it. Few men painters show such vigor.

To paint such a picture meant a perfect knowledge of horses, their anatomy, their different positions, walking, running, in fact every detail about the action of a horse. And to get this Rosa Bonheur spent months and years in study.

The difficulties were too large than led to perfection, and as she had the imagination always she was finally ready to go ahead with her picture. A year and a half it took—and the reward? The first woman to be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

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THE MATRIMONIAL PRIMER

EDITED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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W H O is that exhausted-looking young lady with her arms full of bundles presents at Christmas time.

What is a spug?

A spug, my child, is a sensible person who does not believe in giving useless presents at Christmas time.

But are not all those bundles in the spug's arms filled with Christmas presents?

They are, my child. At the last moment she has been attacked with heart failure. The bundles contain gifts for all of her friends and most of her enemies; for her parents, her sisters, her brothers, her husband and her children; also for the janitor, the bellboy, the chambermaid, the butcher's boy, the grocer's boy, the newsboy and the laundryman.

And are all of the presents "useful"?

Oh, yes, my child. They may be useless to all the people for whom they are intended. But they are useful to the SPUG. For if she had forgotten one of them her life would have been made miserable for a year to come. The presents are the PRICE OF PEACE.

O H, see all the people hurrying to and fro! Where are they going?

They are going shopping. It is the Merry Yuletide, and the people are buying supplies for the Christmas dinner. See! They are buying cold-storage turkeys, canned soup, preserved oysters, artificial cranberries, tinted ice cream, delicatessen pies and hundreds of other "dainties," to say nothing of bottles of champagne, wine, Scotch, vermouth and liquors.

And will they consume all these things in a single day?

They will, my child, though they must face death to do it. That is the modern idea of the sacred celebration called Christmas.

In Christmas, then, a sacred celebration?

It once was, my child, but now it is a mass of nonsense, frivolity, gourmandizing and carousal—when husbands spend more than they can afford and drink more than they can stand, when children overeat and get ill and when women court nervous prostration buying things they want and giving them away in exchange for things that they don't want.

In short, Christmas is the season of peace—after which we all go to pieces.

TO-DAY'S LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

W H AT is a gentleman?

A gentleman is a man who would rather use two negatives than hurt a woman's vanity.

He is a man who is as polite in the morning as in the evening, and as courteous to his own wife as to other men's wives.

A gentleman never lies—to anybody except a woman.

A gentleman never cheats—at any game except the love game.

A gentleman would not steal—anything but a woman's heart.

A man may be self-made or tailor-made; but only the Lord makes a gentleman.

W H AT is a hero?

A hero is a man who goes right on telling a woman that he loves her long after he has ceased to love her.

A hero is a man who dares to tip an indifferent waiter in a smart cafe less than half a dollar.

A hero is a man who has the temerity to acknowledge that he is NOT having a "gay time" while his wife is away.

A hero is a man who has the courage to write a bona-fide love letter and sign his full name to it.

A hero is a man who kisses a girl without asking permission—thereby assuming all the blame himself.

A hero is a man who dares to live within his income in New York City.

A hero is a man who is not ashamed to acknowledge that he does not like motor cars nor champagne, that he never has read Bernard Shaw nor seen Mary Garden and that he does not play bridge whist.

A hero is a man who will ADMIT that he is happily married.

Heroes are becoming as scarce as buffalo.

TO-DAY'S WRITING LESSON.
(Copy in a neat hand.)

Half a love is better than none.

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